Saturday Night

July 17, 1954 • 10 Cents

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The Smith Studio, Sackville

PREMIER HUGH JOHN FLEMMING: Power is the key. (Page 4)

The Front Page

This country has reached a new cross-roads of decision affecting her vital security interests in a world of deteriorating diplomacy and of growing communist aggression. The deplorable French debacle in Indo-China forces us to look some hard and unpleasant facts in the face, earlier than we had wished.

The Reserve Army and compulsory military training have again become prime issues of Canadian defence policy, as a result of the courageous press interview given in Saint John, NB, by the Chief of the General Staff, Lt-Gen. Guy Simonds, one of the ablest field commanders that Canada has ever produced. He has come out openly in favor of two years of military service for every young man in Canada. He properly qualifies this statement by pointing out that such compulsory service is a matter for political—not military—decision; and to be successful, would have to have the whole-hearted support of the Government and people.

It scarcely needs to be said that General Simond's views are strongly shared by all of his informed defence

STRATFORD: SECOND SEASON
By Robertson Davies: Page 7

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The heart of the political problem as it affects Canada's defence, and the feasibility of a national draft law, is still the attitude of the people of Quebec Province. Contrary to the commonly held public view, Quebec is much more ready today to consider compulsory service than it was even a few years ago.

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spreads the smear without erasing it.

Secretary of State John Pickersgill accused the Member from Lethbridge of attempting thought-control. This seems a little excessive, since the amount of thought Mr. Blackmore can control is hardly likely to affect public thinking. The Lethbridge representative is doing his best, but he is working under wraps—the largely discredited wraps of the junior Senator from Wisconsin.

Fairy-tale

NOW IT IS Cinderella who is worrying the psychologists. The Cinderella legend was condemned not long ago before a group of magistrates and probation officers in London, England. The researchers claimed that it "roused expectations of meeting a dream-lover and automatically living happily ever after".

Cinderella isn't the only offender. Practically every hero and heroine of fairy-tale or legend represents a problem to trouble the modern psychologist. Little Red Riding Hood was obviously a mental defective who should never have been allowed outside her own front yard. Goldilocks was an incorrigible runaway, probably because of emotional disturbances in the home. The Prince who roused the Sleeping Beauty had never been taught that an introduction should precede a kiss. Robin Hood was a redistributor of private property and Jack of the Beanstalk a receiver of stolen goods.

The world of child and adult are, of course, mutually exclusive. But while the child finds it impossible to understand the grown-up world, the grown-up may, by a fetch of the imagination, return to the world of the child. As a preliminary exercise, he might try reflecting that nothing, from a daisy to the dog-star, can be entirely explained on a rational basis, even by a child-psychologist or a graduate of the London School of Economics. This workout might put him in a better—that is, a less rational—state of mind when bedtime arrives and the question of Cinderella or Goldilocks and the Three Bears turns up.

Fair Exchange

CANADIANS HAVE been accustomed for some time to the interchange of teachers from one province to another or with other parts of the Commonwealth. During recent years, *Visites Interprovinciales* have made the summer holidays memorable for many High School students by arranging to have a student from Quebec visit an English-speaking student in another province, who later had a similar courtesy extended to him. The scheme has been outstandingly successful, not only because of the increased facility with the language which such an arrangement is bound to induce, but because it has been in many cases a real adventure in understanding. At the university level, exchange fellowships for students and professors have been on the increase, providing, at a more mature stage, the stimulation of new surroundings and different teaching techniques.

It remained for the late Nicholas Ignatieff during his tenure as Warden of Hart House at the University of Toronto to expand the idea still further. Back in 1951 he took a group of students from the University to the University of Helsinki in Finland. They formed a work party who helped in the construction of a student residence there. This year ten Finnish

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MATTI KAARIO

students are returning the visit and will spend the summer working in Canadian factories, pulp-mills and mines.

Their leader is Matti Kaario, a 26-year-old Forestry student who is chairman of the Students' Council at the Institute of Technology, an affiliate of the University of Helsinki. This is Matti's first visit to Canada, though in previous summers he has worked abroad in Sweden and West Germany. While he is naturally interested in all phases of forestry, his main concern is with the use of wood in industry and particularly with the process of manufacturing plywood. The size of Canada he finds a little overwhelming. "Your distances are so great," he told us. "Why, even your university campuses are spread out. In Helsinki we are all together in one building. Here, you are all over the place. The residence the Canadians helped us build now houses about 700 students. We hope to be as useful here this summer as they were when they visited us."

We asked about the distinctive cap he was wearing. "Oh, that?" he said. "Every Finnish High School student gets one on graduation."

Power the Key (*Cover Story*)

WITH THE industrial future of the province brightened by the mineral discoveries of the past few years and, with the St. Lawrence Seaway much closer to the start of construction, by the renewed interest of industrialists in the proposal to build a canal across the Chignecto Isthmus, the Conservative administration of New Brunswick's Premier Hugh John Flemming has started an ambitious program for the development of hydro-electric power. Power is the key to industrial growth, Premier Flemming remarked a while ago, and just last month work started on a $45 million project at Beechwood, 100 miles north of Fredericton —the first step in a proposed $100 million development of three potential power sites along the New Brunswick section of the St. John River.

The province's Electric Power Commission has already added 47,500 horsepower to its generating capacity, now 137,000 h.p. Completion of Beechwood and an addition to a thermal plant at Chatham will add another 155,000 h.p., and by the time the whole project is finished, the total will be boosted by 374,000 h.p.

The New Brunswick authorities undoubtedly are looking to the young mining industry and its future satellites to absorb much of the newly developed power. Mining has occupied a relatively minor position in the province, providing only 2.5 per cent of total net production and employing less than one per cent of persons gainfully employed. Two years ago, coal, sand and gravel, gypsum, clay products and stone made up most of the mining inventory, which had a total gross value of little better than $12 million. Metal discoveries, particularly in the Bathurst area, promise to expand this production considerably.

Manufactures, agriculture and construction have provided the bulk of New Brunswick's productive earnings, with the manufacturing industries leaning heavily on the yield of the province's forests. Pulp and paper, sawmills and sash, door and planing mills have been the main employers of labor, with fish processing and foods providing most of the remaining industrial employment. One trigger for industrial expansion could be metal mining. Another could be the shortening of the sea route to the St. Lawrence by means of a canal through the neck of land that connects New Brunswick with Nova Scotia. By developing electrical power, the Flemming administration is making sure that there will not be a mis-fire if either trigger is pulled.

Rollicking Farce and Rueful Comedy

Stratford, 1954: The Taming of the Shrew and Measure for Measure.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE BRIDEGROOM: CURIOSITY MINGLED WITH CONSTERNATION.

Dr. Tyrone Guthrie's fantastic inventiveness made The Taming of the Shrew at this year's Stratford Shakespearean Festival a succession of Jack-in-the-Box surprises. The arrival of Petruchio (William Needles) and Grumio (Bruno Gerussi), astride the wild horses contrived by the property-makers and presumably stabled in the Festival Workshop, is such a moment. The masterly handling of the crowd on stage is another characteristic of Dr. Guthrie's direction.

THE COMMISSIONING OF ANGELO: MORAL AND POLITICAL AUTHORITY.

Cecil Clarke's production and the grandeur of the mediaeval costumes designed by Tanya Moiseiwitsch did much to offset the brooding, cruel nature of Measure for Measure. In this opening scene, the principals are (l. to r.) Lloyd Bochner as the Duke, Mavor Moore as Escalus and James Mason as Angelo. In both plays, the action streams over the many levels of the magnificent stage of the tent-theatre, linking audience and actors in an intimate response.

Photos by Peter Smith and Company, Stratford.

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Stratford: Second Year
An Air of Certainty

By ROBERTSON DAVIES

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE success; the high mark which the first Stratford Festival reached in 1953 created an enthusiasm which showed itself in the rush for tickets this year. And, in artistic ventures, nothing creates so much apprehension as success, for the high mark must be reached again, and if possible it must be exceeded. For a dozen reasons, not all of which are kindly in their origin, people everywhere in Canada want to know whether this second festival is as good as the one last year. In my opinion it is better in some ways and not so good in others, and if you will be patient with me I shall try to explain what I mean in some detail. But let me say immediately that I think that the balance is safely on the credit side.

The Festival is better because the amenities of the theatre have been improved and the audience is better used than it was under the improvised conditions of 1953. It is better because money has been forthcoming to give it a comfortable, but by no means extreme, degree of financial security; the venture could still be ruined, but it no longer balances on the edge of a knife. It is better because everybody knows his job better than in 1953 and there is an air of professional certainty about the whole venture which was lacking at the beginning.

The shock of surprise which the opening last year gave to us all is necessarily missing; we hoped then for something good, but we were not prepared for the new theatre, the splendor of the productions, for an excellent *Richard III* and a superbly illuminating *All's Well That Ends Well;* that surprise can never be repeated. This year we expected great things. We have had a *Measure For Measure* which was not up to expectation, on the first night at any rate; we have had *The Taming of the Shrew* in a spectacular, stunning experimental production; at the time of writing *Oedipus* is still to come but, as I have been permitted to see some rehearsals, perhaps I may say that I confidently expect it to be the crown of the Festival, and conceivably a production of historic importance.

Shakespearean commentators have had little to say about *Measure for Measure;* the indefatigable Victorians and the painstaking Germans found it baffling and not to their taste, and our modern critics are not much better off. They are fond of saying that the psychology of the play is involved and obscure and undoubtedly this is true; the puzzle is even greater if we make our psychological approach through the conventional morality of the world as we know it. But if we bear in mind that Shakespeare apparently considered this play as a comedy, some of our perplexity dissolves.

None of Shakespeare's plays can be considered "realistic" in the sense that they are representations of everyday life. They are all—comedies, tragedies and histories—artificial constructions. Because they are the work of a great poet they are filled with truth—but it is poetic truth and not photographic truth. If we ever permit ourselves to believe that Shakespeare thought his plays "like life" we are certain to go wrong in our opinions about them; they are not "like life", but *about* life, which is a different thing, giving the poet far greater scope. The author who writes about life is set free from innumerable considerations of probability and possibility which must concern the author who tries to write "like life". Yet the man who writes about life may achieve a degree of poetic truth quite outside the range of the man who is "realistic". Whatever "realism" of this photographic sort there is in Shakespeare is incidental. He chose to write in artificial forms, which filled human needs.

Peter Smith

JAMES MASON and Frances Hyland: A cool and dry performance.

This is not as high-falutin as it may at first appear. The cabinet maker who builds a table or a chair is also working in an artificial form designed to fill a human need. We do not reproach him because his table does not remind us of a tree, even though we know it was made from a tree, and even though we admire the way he has shown off the grain of the wood. Let us not make the mistake, therefore, of reproaching Shakespeare because his plays do not remind us of life in the raw; they are, like the table, intended to serve and delight us in ways which the raw material could not do.

THE most important job of the director of a Shakespearean play is to discover the poetic truth which lies in it, and to make sure that this is revealed as fully as possible by his actors and the designer. The external things—the way the actors are deployed on the stage, the way in which they speak and present themselves, what they wear and the dressings of the stage—these are important but they are not of first importance. Only when the poetic truth of a great play is revealed to the audience does it carry full conviction, and give full satisfaction. We experienced such conviction and satisfaction last year in the production of *All's Well.* For the duration of the play we lived in a world where the poet's concept was more important to us than the logic and the morality of everyday life. By such logic and morality both *All's Well* and *Measure for Measure* are ridiculous. Yet last year's comedy captured us, and this year's comedy did not. Why?

No fault can be found with the externals of the Stratford production. Color and design had been skilfully used to create the atmosphere of a city in which dark and dreadful things could happen. The actors moved about the stage in a way which showed that Cecil Clarke, the director, has a strong pictorial sense and plenty of ingenuity. In every external matter this play was fully successful. Why then, did the heart beat so feebly in this handsome body? Why were we never persuaded to substitute the logic of the play for the logic of daily life?

A critic is on dangerous ground when he dogmatizes on such a matter. A hundred things can go wrong with a production, and even those who have been at every rehearsal cannot account for them; let me beware, then. But it is not my task to give prizes and rebukes, like a schoolmaster, but to bring what appreciation I may have to this play, and to make what

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guesses I can about the malady which prevented it, on the first night, from making its full effect. First of all, I felt that the actors were like an ill-assorted orchestra; Mr. Mason's admirable harpsichord was not well-suited to Mr. Bochner's splendid French horn, and Miss Hyland's silver flute was never really in touch with either of them; Mr. Harron fiddled away like a solitary virtuoso, and Mr. Campbell was playing his splendid bassoon as though he had mistaken it for an oboe. All were admirable in their way but they wanted pulling together by, let us say, Dr. Boyd Neel.

Keen interest was shown, understandably, in the work of James Mason. I sat near enough to get the full impact of Mr. Mason's performance, and I thought it a fine one—but on a scale much too small for the rest of the players. He acted with great feeling, and his moment of remorse at the end of the play moved me—but I question whether it moved people who sat three rows behind me, because they could not see clearly enough what he was doing, nor could they hear his sobs. No one can persuade me that this is the biggest acting of which Mr. Mason is capable. He is a tall, strong man, with a sufficient, though not a large, voice. I hope that by the time this appears he is reaching the back rows, for I am certain he could do it. And when he does it, he will thrill them. But like the rest of the cast, he has not been made to work hard enough, along the right imaginative lines.

The most thoroughly satisfactory performance was that of Lloyd Bochner, who gave us very nearly a complete realization of this fantastical Duke of dark corners, whose perverse sense of the duties of an absolute ruler puts this extraordinary plot in motion. But how can Mr. Bochner complete his fine study without more help, more "playing-in", by the other actors?

Miss Frances Hyland is an actress of great spirit, but she does not carry quite enough guns for Isabella, who is a creature less of airy spirit than of passion. In consequence she was a little too sharp and censorious in some of the bitter denunciations which Shakespeare has given to his heroine, and she lacks the physical opulence which would make Angelo risk his life and career for her embrace. Frankly, I thought Miss Hyland gave Isabella too much brain, and not enough heart. This is Shakespeare's sexiest play, and sex is not a matter of the head.

It was this brooding atmosphere of sex and intrigue which we missed in the play, and which is the heart of it. The first night performance was cool and dry when we wanted it to be hot and steamy. Even that excellent comedian, Mr. Douglas Campbell, played the bawd, Pompey, without really suggesting the grossness of his trade, or the nasty brutality of it.

Peter Smith

BARBARA CHILCOTT as The Shrew and Douglas Campbell as Baptista: A staggering assault upon the funny-bone.

The poetic truth of *Measure for Measure* demands more blood and guts, and not so much cool calculation as this production offered. Sex and intrigue and passion are wanted, in generous measure, if we are to accept the logic of the play and set aside the logic of everyday. Given these elements in greater measure this would emerge as the very great play it is, and as a comedy in the richest and fullest sense. As it was, we were never quite swept away by it.

Let us turn to *The Taming of the Shrew*, a favorite warhorse of the director, Tyrone Guthrie. This was a great success, and a rip-roaring success, though I do not think it was an unqualified success. It was a staggering assault upon the funny-bone, but it had not enough to say to the heart. Should *The Shrew* speak to the heart? Of course it should, for it is a very great play, and one of the best farces in our language or any language.

One moment, professor, before apoplexy grips you! I know, as well as you, that it is a coarse old grab-bag of tricks and dirty jokes, reputedly unworthy of your Swan of Avon. I know all the hard words that critics and commentators have thrown at it, to show what refined fellows they are, and how far their minds soar above such vulgar buffoonery. But tell me, professor, have you any idea how hard it is to write buffoonery on this level? Try it, some time when you have a spare half-hour. *The Shrew* is a work of genius, and has held the stage for that reason, just as *Hamlet* has done.

The rowdy old play is the sex-war turned into drama. Petruchio is every man's dream of himself—the triumphant woman-tamer. And Katharina contains more of every woman's dream than most women are ready to admit. Nor must we lose

sight of the fact that at the end of the play, if we understand Katharina's last speech fully, the sex-war ends in a draw. But until the end is reached the sexual ambitions of all of us are royally goosed by the Swan.

As played at Stratford, the Padua of the play might be anywhere, though the hunting costumes of the Induction, and the Spanish-American fancy dress of the conclusion suggest that it is a combination of Canada and California, at about the turn of the present century. The director has revealed the timeless, and thus contemporaneous quality of *The Shrew*, as he did last year with *All's Well*. Christopher Sly looks like one of Walter Trier's wonderful hobos, and the strolling players who entertain him suggest the Marks Players who used to tour rural Canada. Horses are no novelty in this play, but the red limousine in which the True Vincentio appears is a brilliant invention. The play is a wild romp; the mirth of the audience is Bacchic. And the rich comic acting of at least ten of our Canadian players is a notable rebuke to the accusation that we, as a nation, cannot be funny.

As for the principals, William Needles is wonderfully endearing as the woman-tamer whose courage occasionally fails him; Barbara Chilcott is a shrew of fiery, Latin temper, most beautiful when most utterly dishevelled, and of a winning grace when tamed. It is of the highest importance to the Canadian theatre that here we have two leading players who can carry this tremendous production on their backs.

But about the heart? About the poetic reality of *The Shrew?* Well, there were moments when we wished that the pace would relax, and that some tenderness might assert itself. It did so, fleetingly, in Robert Christie's wonderful creation of an air-borne, enchanted Pedant. But in recollection the production seems to have been a little more raucous and driving than was necessary, and the players were so busy treading the quaint maze of the wanton Guthrie that they imparted to us a sense of strain, rather than the complete comic release we sought. But a few performances will set that right.

The production of *Measure for Measure* does not quite reach the top rank of achievement, but it is very well worth a visit. *The Shrew* is an exciting experience in the theatre. As for *Oedipus Rex*—well, I can hardly wait.

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Foreign Affairs

The Revolt Against U.S. Leadership

By Willson Woodside

IT REQUIRES an effort to recall that, in March and early April of this year, Vice-President Nixon was claiming that the U.S. "held the initiative" in the world struggle. Some very high Washington personalities, such as the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Radford, Senator Knowland and Nixon himself, are said by usually trustworthy sources to have been urging at that time that the United States employ this initiative to "settle things" with Communist China. It seems that they assumed that the Hydrogen Bomb tests being held then would be a convincing warning to Russia against intervention.

A far larger and more influential group of American leaders, including President Eisenhower, Defence Secretary Wilson and General Ridgway, vetoed any such attempt at an Asian "settlement", while the Soviets hastened to display their four-jet intercontinental bomber at their May Day show. This revelation of fast-growing Soviet ability to deliver atomic and hydrogen bombs to this continent caused the most agitated discussion in Washington of the changing balance of global military power since the first Soviet atomic test five years ago.

During May, the Eisenhower Administration decided definitely against intervention in Indo-China, for the reasons that the cause of Freedom vs. Communism was not clear enough to Asian eyes generally or even to the Indo-Chinese, and that effective intervention was reckoned to require up to 10 American divisions, which were not available. It was at this point, with the Americans having shackled their policy by a "No, No, Never!" attitude towards recognition of Communist China and pulled their Secretary of State out of the Geneva Conference, that the British and French took over, and actively sought a compromise on Indo-China.

Now note the result of the American unwillingness to lead the Western team—in any direction, that is to say, on which the team could agree. Mr. Eden's affability gave the Chinese Communists the first prestige they have gained in any international gathering, and the visit by Premier Mendès-France to Chou En-lai made the latter the victor of the Geneva Conference. He had succeeded in negotiating with Britain and France, in spite of American disapproval. He had announced that Communist China would open an embassy in London. And his subsequent tour of South-east Asia became, with Nehru's eager assistance, something of a triumphal procession through the very region which American policy had set out to defend from his attentions.

The emphasis by both Indian and Chinese leaders on "Asian solidarity" and "2,000 years of friendship between India and China" is perhaps no more than we should have expected. Countries newly

Miller

CHOU: U.S. abdication of leadership gave him his triumph.

freed from colonial rule are bound to think of the domination from which they have at long last escaped as the worst of all evils. On one cry all of these countries agree: "Hands off Asia!" They would find it very difficult to welcome the return of Western protectors.

Much was made of the opposition which Nehru met at the Colombo Conference from Pakistan, Ceylon and Burma, in his insistence that there is no real Communist menace to Indo-China or the rest of South-east Asia. But perhaps the comment of a Colombo newspaper will turn out to be more significant in the long run: "The Conference was a success because there were no white faces present". *Asia for the Asians* is the slogan of the day, and the sentiment which made Chou's visit to India such a success.

This tour may upset all U.S. plans for an effective South-east Asia pact, backed by the free nations of that region, as well as the Eden plan for a kind of Locarno, which India and the other Colombo powers would underwrite. Chou's intention clearly is to draw these nations into an all-Asian non-aggression pact—a pact in which Indonesia has already declared her interest—just as Molotov has been working since the Berlin Conference on an all-European security pact. The aim of both is to exclude the United States.

The turn of events in Asia, where India, who should be the leader of the free Asian lands, has openly snubbed the U.S. and embraced her Communist opponent, unhappily is matched to some degree by developments in Europe. There American policy has been clearer, more quickly applied and more readily accepted. But there is now something like a revolt against it in progress. The departure of Churchill and Eden for the United States was celebrated by a remarkable "declaration of independence" in the House of Commons. And the French defy all American threats of "massive retaliation" in refusing to accept Germans in a European Army. Even in Germany voices are raised in favor of negotiating directly with the Russians.

This is partly a revolt against American leadership and partly a reaction to lack of American leadership. ("This could never have happened," ran a bitter jest during the McCarthy hearing, "if Eisenhower had been alive.") It is a reaction to the babel of American voices threatening, contradicting, accusing; to threats of agonizing reappraisal and massive retaliation made and ignored; to Hydrogen Bomb tests carried out at the United States's own sweet will.

When the power that can explode Hydrogen Bombs shows at the same time an inability, over a period of years, to curb such a dangerous demagogue as Senator McCarthy, it is not surprising if many Europeans doubt the wisdom guiding American policy.

The British leaders made it clear that they left this continent still disagreeing with the judgment of the American leaders, especially on Asian policy. It would appear to be time for all concerned to heed the warning so often raised that, united, the Western powers can save themselves and the whole free world, while, divided, they will go down one by one. It is urgently necessary that they agree on two things, in particular: a foreign policy body of NATO to meet continuously to work out joint foreign policy; and an Asian Marshall Plan to go together with any defensive measures which are taken in that region.

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Ottawa Letter

The Changes in the Cabinet

By John A. Stevenson

NOT FOR MANY YEARS has a Canadian Cabinet undergone such a drastic reorganization as Mr. St. Laurent has quietly accomplished. The greatest loss to it will be Mr. Abbott, not only because he is a competent parliamentarian, blandly persuasive, deft in argument and quick to seize chances for telling retorts, but because his popularity with all parties has tended to modify the ferocity of the criticism which some of his Budgets deserved, and to secure smooth passage for most of the numerous bills he had to sponsor.

By forsaking politics for the bench, Mr. Abbott has deliberately cast aside an excellent chance of becoming leader of the Liberal party and Prime Minister, but apparently he is tired of the turmoil and exacting strains of political life and prefers the quiet security of the Supreme Court. His long divorcement from active practice in the courts makes the Bar somewhat dubious of his qualifications for his new post, but, if he is not at the moment as learned in the law as might seem desirable, he has the sort of intellectual equipment to repair this deficiency quickly, and also the invaluable assets of a judicial temperament and a large fund of shrewd common sense.

Unlike Mr. Abbott, Mr. Brooke Claxton was never popular with the parties in opposition, who were always irritated by a vein of arrogance in him, aggravated, as it was, by his rasping accent. But there was never any question of his immense industry and his competence as a debater. When the next general election comes round, the Liberals will miss his skill as planner of strategy in the campaign.

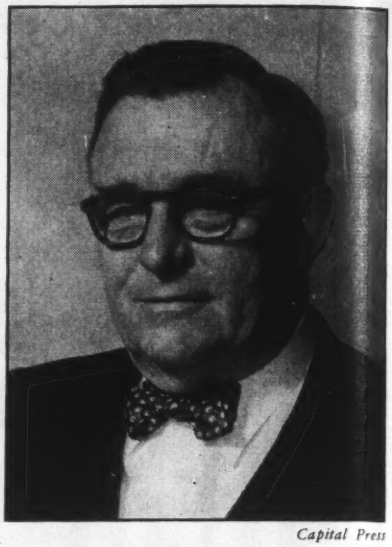
Mr. Chevrier is not as colorful a figure as the other two ex-Ministers, but he could make an equally good speech in either French or English, was well liked in the House and, as a French-Canadian who held a seat in Ontario and was on good terms with the Liberal members from that province, played a useful role in preventing racial friction inside his party. Undoubtedly the St. Laurent Ministry will be greatly weakened by the departure of three such experienced politicians and skilful debaters and it remains to be seen whether their places have been adequately filled.

Mr. Harris becomes Minister of Finance and, as holder of the second most important office in the Cabinet, strengthens materially his claims to the leadership of the Liberal party. He has been freely advertised by his admirers as the best possible successor to Mr. St. Laurent, on the grounds that he is a "grass roots" politician from Ontario without any enemies in his own party and that he has been "mortised and tenoned", as the late Lord Bennett used to say, in the true principles of the Gladstonian Liberalism—now cheerfully discarded by most of his party—of Blake and Laurier. During the last session he led the House of Commons in decent, humdrum fashion without achieving any domination over it, and was very fair to his political opponents. In debate he has been resourceful, but the gift of real eloquence has been denied him and after 14 years in Parliament he has not yet succeeded in impressing his personality upon the public outside of Ontario.

Mr. Pickersgill now ascends from one of the lowliest posts in the Cabinet, the Secretaryship of State, to the Ministry of Citizenship and Immigration, which will offer wider scope for his peculiar talents. So far, he has not made much mark as a parliamentarian, as he is a clumsy speaker and takes too much pleasure in rather petty partisan wrangles. But his long apprenticeship as chief secretary under Mackenzie King has given him not only an informed familiarity with national problems and their baffling complications, but also the dexterity of his old master in the arts of political manipulation behind the scenes.

Mr. Campney, succeeding Mr. Claxton, ought to know a good deal about the problems of the Department of National Defence, but as Associate Minister, he has been an insignificant figure in Parliament. As a representative of British Columbia in the Cabinet, he has been completely overshadowed by his abler colleague, Mr. Sinclair, the Minister of Fisheries.

THERE HAD BEEN some expectation that the powerful influence of Mr. Howe would be exerted successfully to secure for his parliamentary assistant, W. M. Benidickson, the Ministry of Transport, but evidently Mr. St. Laurent has decided that he could not afford to leave the Protestant elements in Quebec unrepresented in his Cabinet and for this office he has extracted George Marler from the provincial arena of Quebec, where he was discarded as Liberal leader.



Capital Press

RALPH CAMPNEY: Acquainted with the problems of national defence.

There were more tangible grounds for regarding as a promising acquisition Roch Pinard, who becomes Secretary of State. He is one of the ablest of the younger French-Canadian Liberals and, as parliamentary assistant to Mr. Pearson, he was an efficient deputy and revealed an enlightened liberal outlook upon international problems.

THERE has been considerable surprise and not a little indignant criticism over the curious fact that the most distinguished statesman of the British Commonwealth, after being an honored guest at the White House at Washington, when he came to Ottawa at the invitation of our Government had to find accommodation in a hotel like some ordinary traveller. One of the chief reasons given for the expenditure of half a million dollars upon the provision of a residence for the Prime Minister was that it would enable him to entertain eminent visitors in it in proper style, but for some mysterious reason its portals were not opened to Mr. Churchill. Nor were the gates of Rideau Hall. There is considerable speculation as to why our Governor General, Mr. Massey, could not break an engagement to pay homage at Stratford to a dead literary figure, even if he were England's greatest, in order to show some hospitality as the representative of the Queen, to the greatest living Englishman, and her foremost subject. The favorite theory is that somehow or other Mr. Churchill must have incurred the displeasure of Mr. Massey, possibly because he proclaimed bluntly his dislike of the breach with tradition made by the appointment of the latter as Governor General.

Books

Studies in Frustration

By Robertson Davies

A FEW YEARS BEFORE the war, I bought a second-hand copy of a book called *The Reliques of Father Prout;* it cost sixpence and I was prepared to risk that much on what appeared to be a curiosity of literature. The book represented itself as being the collected papers of a nineteenth century Irish priest, Father Prout of Watergrasshill, County Cork, and it was full of odd learning and curious humor, and contained a rousing attack on Tom Moore, in whom I have always been interested.

I had not read the Prout book for long before I discovered that it was an elaborate literary hoax, and that the supposed editor of the Prout papers, named Oliver Yorke was in fact an Irish priest called the Rev. Francis Mahony, and Prout and Yorke and Mahony were all one. I wondered a little why a man would adopt such an elaborate twofold disguise for some not very important writing, but the mystery was not of sufficient interest to carry me far into investigation, and I thought no more about it until I received *Two Studies in Integrity,* in which Miss Ethel Mannin considers the careers of Mahony and also of Gerald Griffin, another early nineteenth century Irish writer who has virtually disappeared from view. But Mahony is remembered because he wrote "The Bells of Shandon", and Griffin because he wrote "Aileen Aroon".

Neither man thought of himself as a poet. Mahony, a man of great learning, was a wandering man of letters and a contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*. Griffin, after a struggle, established himself as a popular writer with a novel, *The Collegians,* which was the basis for Dion Boucicault's play, *The Colleen Bawn* and for an opera, once widely popular but now rarely heard, *The Lily of Killarney*. In their day they were writers of importance, and they are still interesting. But why does Miss Mannin call her book a study in integrity?

Presumably it is because both men, devout Catholics in youth, wandered in their faith but returned at last with increased devotion to their Church. Griffin ended his short life as a member of the Society of Christian Brothers, a teaching order. Prout, a brilliant student at the Jesuit school at Clongowes, was ardently desirous of joining the Society of Jesus, but was refused because he was very plainly not the stuff of which Jesuits are made; not only scholarship, but a powerful sense of discipline and discretion is required by the Jesuits, and he had no scrap of either quality. But he became a priest, though he did no priestly work and lived as a traveller and journalist until near his death, when he assumed the duties of a priest in Cork. Miss Mannin makes a good case for the Catholic integrity of both men.

Her book might equally well have been called a study in frustration, however, for both men entertained high literary ambitions and neither had the talent to satisfy the standards that he set for himself.

Griffin's talent was not powerful; it was copious. He wrote quickly and he wrote much, slipping easily into the fashionable modes of his day. The enthusiasm for Irish sketches and novels in the 1820s and '30s suited him exactly, and he was much praised when once his reputation was established. Critics of the time called *The Collegians* "the perfect Irish novel", and it and his *Munster Tales* were described as "two of the most perfect prose fictions in the world". Samuel Lover (author of *Handy Andy*), said that the first-named work made Griffin not merely first among the novelists of Ireland, but placed him in the foremost ranks of the novelists of the world. His play *Gisippus,* produced after his death by Macready, won high praise. Yet anyone now can see that *The Collegians* is melodramatic nonsense. The career and fame of Griffin are an admirable lesson in the perishability of reputation and the folly of critics.

Paul Tanqueray

ETHEL MANNIN: Catholic integrity.

Griffin's work was widely praised for its uncompromising moral quality, and after fame came to him he stressed this element in his work until it strangled his frail talent. Writing with a moral purpose can produce *Pilgrim's Progress* or it can produce *The Collegians*. In the final reckoning, talent is more durable than piety, and Griffin's talent was very slight.

It is doubtful if Mahony's talent was any more powerful, but he was better able to conceal his deficiencies, for he was a man of immense learning. The Prout papers are, indeed, a parade of learning and the more the reader knows, the better he is able to enjoy the joke. Mahony's best joke, certainly, was his insistence that Tom Moore, then at the height of his popularity, stole all of his best verses from foreign or classical originals; Mahony hated Moore for a dozen reasons which he was ready to explain, and for one which he never mentioned—that Moore was, in his way, a genius. It was easy for Mahony to produce Greek, Latin, French and Italian translations of Moore's best poems and to insist that these were originals from which Moore had cribbed. But as we look back on the matter, after a century, the joke is on Mahony. Moore's reputation is in eclipse at present, and the centennial of his death in 1952 passed with hardly a mention, but his day will dawn again. Will anyone ever care much about Mahony, except as a man who seriously annoyed Moore?

Miss Mannin's resurrection of Griffin and Mahony is of interest in itself, for it is always good fun to examine fashionable writers, and eccentrics, whose work has been forgotten, especially when the writer who stirs the dry bones does so with Miss Mannin's skill. But it is also interesting and valuable to reflect that nothing else in a writer matters if he has talent or genius, and that if he lacks these mighty gifts there is no other thing on earth which can do him much good. Griffin was eloquent, industrious, filled with moral fervor and pious attitudes, and he enjoyed a pleasant burst of popularity. But he lives now by "Aileen Aroon", a single poem which Tennyson admired, and which is musical and pleasing still.

Mahony was a very learned man, able to deck his essays with every sort of classical and contemporary allusion, and a formidable arguer and critic. He hated all sham and pretension and attacked it in men like Moore who, pretentious though they might be, were still his masters in the world of letters. Who cares now that Mahony could translate "The Groves of Blarney" into French, Italian, Latin and Greek? The important thing is that he

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wrote crabbed, dull and utterly undistinguished English, and if we recall him at all it is as the writer of that charming jingle "The Bells of Shandon".

Talent is everything: learning, moral fervor—pooh!

Another study in frustration comes to hand, Noel Coward's *Future Indefinite.* This second volume of autobiography carries on from the end of *Present Indicative* (1937) and covers the war years. Mr. Coward thought that he could serve his country in some sort of diplomatic or intelligence post, and made great efforts to obtain such an appointment. But the people who could have given him such posts would not take him seriously, and he spent the war years raising money for the Red Cross, entertaining the troops, and diverting theatre-goers in beleaguered Britain. This was far from ignoble service, but Mr. Coward thinks he could have been used for better things.

It is not for a reviewer to express an opinion on this matter, except to say that Mr. Coward could certainly not have done any worse in the Intelligence than some of the gentlemen who found posts there. But it is the fate of the light entertainer to be waved aside as a trifler when he wants to be serious. The tone of the book is sober, and in some passages aggrieved.

TWO STUDIES IN INTEGRITY—by Ethel Mannin—pp. 262, index and illustrations—*McGraw-Hill*—$3.50.

FUTURE INDEFINITE—by Noel Coward—pp. 328 and photographs—*British Books*—$4.25.

•

Honour Logan

When to the prim, white house once more I came,
She met me at the door, then took my hand
Coolly in hers without a tremor, and
Gave me, as pure and proper as her name,
Such greetings as a friend of hers should claim.
Her skin was still as smooth as any quince;
How old she is I do not know, for since
I've met her she has always looked the same.

Still like a silk cocoon she keeps her form
Inside a veil of smooth, self-woven thread
Whose gloss defies the touch of sun and storm,
And those who see her never guess she grew
Bright wings of love one time that almost flew,
Before a puff of gossip froze them dead.

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The Truth About McCarthy: Start of the Witch-hunt

By JACK ANDERSON and RONALD W. MAY: PART VII

It was a strange gathering.

There were scholarly Father Edmund Walsh, dean of Georgetown University's staid foreign-service school; big, garrulous Washington Attorney William A. Roberts, a tough-talking liberal; modest Professor Charles Kraus, a political-science instructor at Georgetown; and Senator Joe McCarthy. It was January 7, 1950, and Joe's political fortunes were ebbing. He confessed this fact to his three fellow Catholics, as they relaxed after dinner at Washington's swank Colony Restaurant. He said he desperately needed an issue on which to base his 1952 campaign for re-election; but so far he had found none that suited him.

Eager to help their personable friend, Father Walsh and Lawyer Roberts threw out suggestions. "How about pushing harder for the St. Lawrence seaway?" Roberts proposed.

"That hasn't enough sex," Joe said. "No one gets excited about it."

He then outlined a Townsend-type pension plan for all elderly Americans; he would pay $100 a month to everybody over sixty-five years of age. But his three friends called the idea economically unsound. Finally, the priest had an idea. "How about Communism as an issue?" he offered.

Joe thought this sounded like a good idea. "The government is full of Communists," he stated flatly. "The thing to do is hammer at them." But Roberts warned that such a campaign must be pegged on facts; he said that the public was weary of "Wolf! Wolf!" cries about "pinkos" and "Reds" hurled indiscriminately from political platforms. Joe said he would get the facts. And his three fellow Catholics went away with the feeling that the sincere McCarthy would do his country a service by speaking out against the Communist fifth column. They little realized that a day would come when they would all have to repudiate the young man who started his Big Show with their basic idea.

Joe put his staff to digging; but real, live Communists in government were hard to find. To begin with, the Republican Eightieth Congress had already dragged the river bottom of the Democratic administration for Communists, and had hauled submerged facts and stray pieces of evidence to the surface. The FBI had also maintained a constant vigilance against Communists infiltrating into the government; and every federal department and bureau had sifted its employees through a stringent loyalty screen.

But of all the government departments, probably the most security-conscious had been the State Department. GOP Congressman Bartel Jonkman of Michigan had been led to say in behalf of the House Foreign Affairs Committee: "Before the Eightieth Congress adjourns, I want the members to know that there is one department in which the known or reasonably suspected subversives, Communists, fellow travellers, sympathizers, and persons whose services are not for the best interests of the United States have been swept out. This is the Department of State."

The machinery of government security had been grinding slow; but it had been grinding exceeding fine, removing one by one the Hisses, Coplons, and Wadleighs as they were found out. Some three hundred employees of the government had been fired for one reason or another under the loyalty program, and there was not a single "doubtful" government employee who had not been investigated at least once. And the big names had already put on their performance under the klieg lights of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

But Joe McCarthy was armed for a shooting match, and though he hadn't found any targets, he nevertheless opened fire. At Wheeling, West Virginia, on February 9, 1950, he let go his first deadly volley in a direction where rumor had told him some of the enemy might be hiding. "I have here in my hand"—he squeezed the trigger—"a list of 205 . . . a list of names that were made known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who nevertheless are still working and shaping policy in the State Department."

"YOU MEAN I'M SUPPOSED TO STAND ON THAT?". This cartoon by Herblock, Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist for the Washington Post, is the first-known use of the word "McCarthyism". It appeared March 29, 1950.

The next day, the fast-moving McCarthy popped up in Denver, where the 205 "Communists" became 205 "bad security risks". And on the following day, in a speech at Salt Lake City, the 205 of Wheeling and Denver had changed to "57 card-carrying Communists".

Whatever else had happened, Joe had hit publicity pay-dirt. His charges made Page One headlines in almost every newspaper in the nation, and the name of Joe McCarthy was heard again in the land. When he was called for an accounting on the Senate floor eleven days after the original speech, Joe shifted and feinted and weaved and dodged. But he didn't let go of the dangerous grizzly bear he held by the tail. Instead, he juggled numbers for several days, and finally shook his case down to "three big Communists involved . . . case No. 1, case No. 2 and case No. 81."

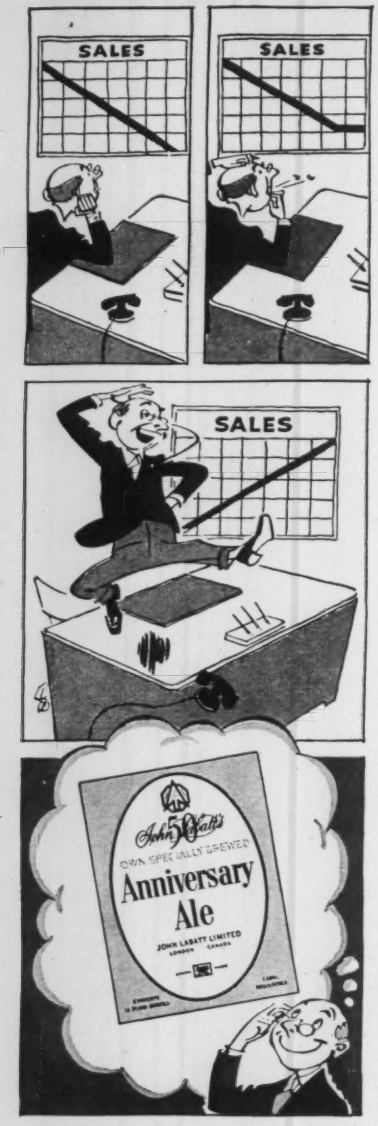
"If we can get rid of these big three," he said, "we will have done something to break the back of the espionage ring within the State Department.

"I urge," he said, "that the proper Senate committee convene, and I shall be glad to give the committee the names." And he told Majority Leader Scott Lucas: "I should like to assure him that I will not say anything on the Senate floor which I will not say off the floor. On the day when I take advantage of the security we have on the Senate floor, on that day I will resign from the Senate."

Both these promises were to be broken. But the Senate, anxious to substitute fact for demagoguery, created a five-man investigating sub-committee, led by Maryland Democrat Millard Tydings. The intent was to make McCarthy put up or shut up. He did neither.

On the witness stand, McCarthy let it be known that he was tired of "playing this silly numbers game"; so he ignored the numbers, turning instead to one individual—Judge Dorothy Kenyon of New York. He outlined the "case" against Mrs. Kenyon, neglecting to mention that she was not a State Department employee at all. Joe continued throughout one day and part of the next, lambasting Judge Kenyon with a long string of charges. He also demanded the State Department files.

But Chairman Tydings's fingers were growing itchy on the gavel; he was impatient with McCarthy, who had been so free to fire broadsides but was now pecking away with a BB gun. So Tydings asked Joe if he would please repeat, for



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The swing is definitely to

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the record, some of the charges he had been scattering around the country. This was a significant request, since McCarthy was now under oath. If he repeated his statements and could not back them up, he could be caught in perjury. Joe began to sweat and begged for more time. He would be ready on March 13, he said, to present the name of a man occupying "an important post" in the State Department. But when that date arrived, Joe announced that he had to go to the Senate floor for the debate on housing. He had almost reached the door when someone observed that the debate had been postponed. Joe said he would have to go anyway to take care of several of his constituents. But the committee would not accept his excuse.

CORNERED on the witness stand, Joe had to name names. He alleged that four persons were "pro-Communists": Haldore Hanson, working on the government's Point Four program to aid underdeveloped countries; Mrs. Esther Caukin Brunauer, attached to the State Department's UNESCO Relations Staff; her husband Stephen Brunauer, a civilian Navy scientist; and Owen Lattimore, professor of international relations at Johns Hopkins University, and director of its Page School of International Relations.

Now gone too far to turn back, Joe rushed recklessly on. Protected by Senatorial immunity from libel suits, he chose to bluff his way through and take a chance on perjury. He even began warming up to the task. So the next day he named four more "pro-Communists": John Stewart Service, State Department consular officer in Calcutta; Gustavo Duran, ex-State Department employee, who had resigned four years previously to go to the United Nations; Professor Harlow Shapley of Harvard, never a State Department employee; and Dr. Frederick L. Schuman of Williams College, whose only affiliation with the State Department was a lecture he had once given to a group of employees. McCarthy also handed Chairman Tydings the name of another former State Department employee who, Joe said, had a "police record" for homosexuality.

At this point Tydings began to get the willies over all the name-calling. One by one, American citizens were being held up to the world as traitors, and still the proof was lacking. Tydings became convinced that McCarthy was bluffing, that he had no list of 205, 81, or 57 names; and once again Tydings asked McCarthy to turn the list over to the committee. Joe said he would comply on March 20.

When deadline time arrived, Tydings reminded McCarthy that they were still waiting for the list of Communists in the State Department. For reply, Joe showed Tydings a registered-mail slip, and explained that the list had been mailed to the committee; but a search of the incoming mail failed to locate the letter.

Next Joe announced to the press that he had telescoped his charges into a single case. The man in question, he said, was the "boss" of Alger Hiss "in the espionage ring in the State Department".

The name turned out to be that of Owen Lattimore, already fingered by McCarthy in a previous session. Reporters went to work digging up Lattimore's State Department record. They couldn't find one. Lattimore had never been a regular employee of the State Department; he was on the staff of Johns Hopkins.

Meanwhile Lattimore, in Afghanistan on a United Nations mission, sped toward Washington to fight back. As for the McCarthy charges, he termed them "pure moonshine," "unmitigated lies". "McCarthy," Lattimore said, "will fall flat on his face." But the professor, like many another who tangled with McCarthy, underestimated his opponent.

But even so, Joe had a tough fight on his hands; for one thing, he had to make a formal accounting to the Senate. This was finally scheduled for February 20, 1950 — eleven days after his Wheeling bombshell. Late in the afternoon, the Senate sounded a three-bell quorum call, and the Senators shuffled into the chamber to hear McCarthy's first-hand report.

For six hours the members of the highest legislative body of the greatest nation on earth sat back and listened. It was a scene from *Alice in Wonderland.* Senators leaned forward, trying to follow Joe's hop-skip-and-jump account.

In a way, McCarthy's performance was masterful. Although his cases were digests of investigations long concluded by the Eightieth Congress, no one was able to make him admit that fact—or even acknowledge statements attributed to him by leading newspapers across the country.

THE discussion eventually narrowed down to the number 205. It was to be proved later, without possibility of doubt, that McCarthy had used this figure at Wheeling, West Virginia, on February 9. But he blandly ignored the facts, and gave the Senate a new version of what he had said at Wheeling. Quoting from himself, McCarthy carefully omitted any mention of 205; instead he substituted the following sentence: "I have in my hand *57 cases* of individuals who would appear to be either card-carrying members or certainly loyal to the Communist Party, but who nevertheless are still helping to shape our foreign policy."

West Virginia's Senator Matt Neely snorted: "It is obvious that someone . . . is lying as deliberately and outrageously as Ananias." Several other Senators plunged into the fray, concentrating on the misstatement; if that was proved false, they could go on to others. But for all their effort, they could not pin McCarthy down. The questioning grew tighter and angrier: Did you or did you not say 205?

McCarthy replied: "The speech in Reno, Nevada, and that in Wheeling, West

Virginia, were recorded, so there is no question about what I said. I *do not believe* I mentioned the figure 205." For a fleeting moment it seemed that McCarthy was weakening, but a little later he categorically denied using the 205 figure. As the smoke-screen of figures, dates, and places grew thick, McCarthy himself began to lose his bearings. He went so far once as to explain where he got the figure 205 — which he claimed he had not used.

IT WAS almost midnight when McCarthy reached his Case No. 81, gathered up the scattered documents that covered his own and another desk, and hurried out.

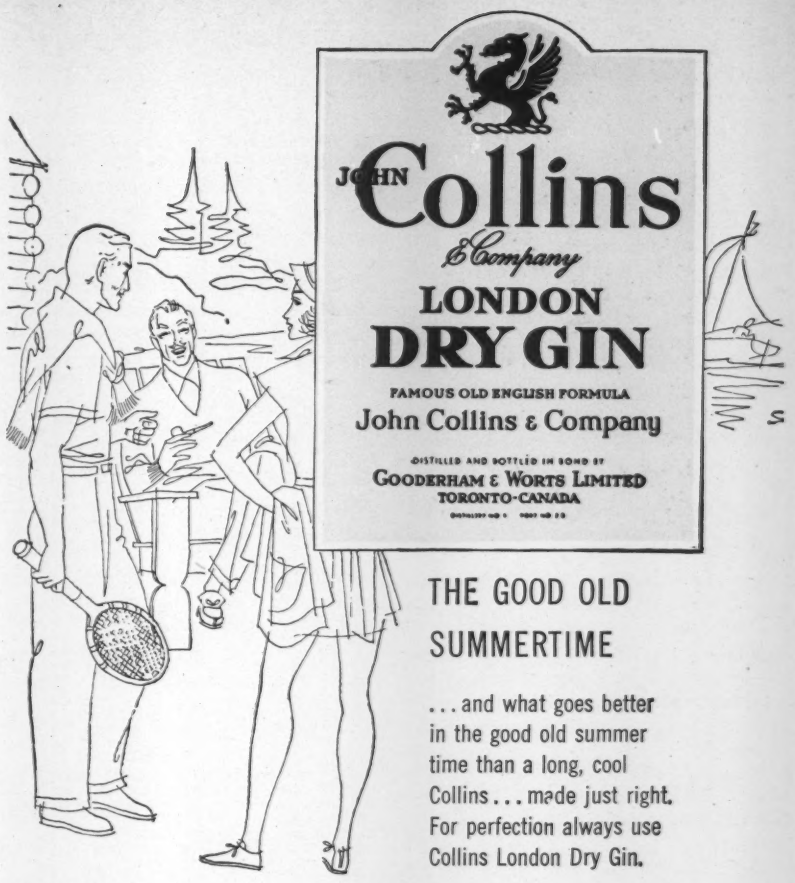
The press and the public were so blinded by the fireworks of Joe's broadsides that no one seemed to notice where he was getting his ammunition. His own cryptic explanation was that he had penetrated "the iron curtain, Truman's iron curtain, of secrecy," and had gained access to secret files never before available to Congress.

And yet to anyone who bothered to run down McCarthy's charges, his sources were no mystery. The records at the Library of Congress show that he requested a special room for his assistants, so that they could wade through old investigative reports and back copies of the *Daily Worker*. And among the old documents, his staff came across a letter written by former Secretary of State James Byrnes to Congressman Adolph Sabath of Illinois on July 26, 1946. It revealed that a screening committee of the State Department "had recommended against permanent employment" of 285 individuals, some already on the payroll, others merely applicants. Of these, the letter went on, 80 had resigned or been fired, leaving 205 still under question.

But for McCarthy's purposes, the 205 undergoing job-screening in 1946 became "205 members of the Communist Party . . . still working and shaping policy in the State Department" in 1950. There was no question that Joe was talking about the same 205 people; he even quoted Byrnes's figures during his hectic, six-hour Senate speech of February 20. "Former Secretary Byrnes said," blurted Joe, "that 285 of those men are unsafe risks. He goes on to say, of this number only 80 have been removed." Of course, if McCarthy had explored beyond the Byrnes letter, he would have discovered that only 46 of the original 205 were still on the State Department's rolls as late as 1950. And in all 46 cases, the skeletons from their past had been exhumed and aired.

What help Joe got from the press came from notoriously biased elements: Chicago *Tribune*, Washington *Times-Herald*, and the Hearst chain. These papers had been riding the Red issue for years, and they welcomed Joe aboard and made him chief conductor.

McCarthy also managed to tap the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Loyalty Review Board. It took the Board's parent agency, the Civil Service Commission, a year to plug up the leak; McCarthy's informant appeared to be a 52-year-old spinster, Miriam M. DeHaas, who had held the job of a $7,000-a-year legal examiner.

But there were more sinister forces lurking in the shadows. With startling regularity, the key targets of Joe's attacks turned out to be State Department officials who had opposed the Open Pocketbook policy toward Nationalist China. Certain men had questioned the ability of Chiang's demoralized armies to defend the Chinese mainland; they had reported that American aid money was being diverted into the pockets of corrupt Nationalist officials. And they ended up on McCarthy's Red list.

As scraps of information bubbled to the surface, it became clear that the campaign against Chiang's critics had originated with the "China Lobby". This was the appellation bestowed on a hard core of hired lobbyists, influential friends, and outspoken advocates of Chiang Kai-shek; and few other lobbies exerted such relentless pressure on American foreign and domestic policy. The China Lobby was manipulated by five shrewd Chinese emissaries. The hidden aims of this group were revealed in a collection of secret cables that fell into American hands through a Chinese code clerk. The cables were turned over to Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, who had them carefully translated by the Library of Congress. One cable, dated December 5, 1949, reported the likelihood that Soviet - American relations would not deteriorate; then an ominous sentence appeared in the message: "Our hope of a world war so as to rehabilitate our country is unpalatable to the (American) people."

The secret cables made it clear who was blocking Nationalist aid and aims in Washington. "In the past years we have been very patient with General Marshall, but he has never changed his attitude towards us," reported another cable, dated August 24, 1949. "But in order to avoid a direct break with the American administration, it is better for us not to attack him personally." It was left for McCarthy to carry the attack to Marshall personally, which he did in a 60,000-word Senate speech on June 14, 1951.

Joe's was a one-man performance, but many prompters stood in the wings.

This is the seventh of nine excerpts from the sensational biography "McCarthy—The Man, The Senator, The 'Ism'", written by Jack Anderson and Ronald W. May who spent more than a year gathering material for the book published by S. J. Reginald Saunders (pp. 431, $4.85). The eighth instalment will appear in next week's issue.

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

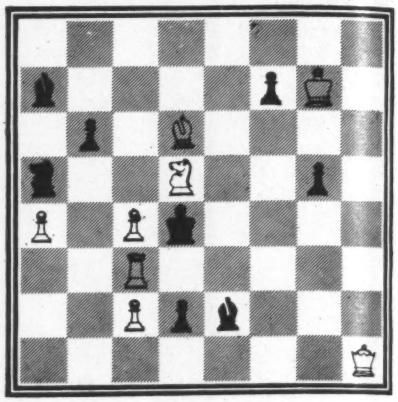
MODEL MATES, called models for short, are both pure and economical. A mate is pure when each square adjoining the mated King — the King's field — is guarded in one way only. It is economical when the white force present at the time, with the permissible exception of the King and Pawns, is definitely taking part in the mate. A Bohemian model, in which all the white force is employed, is an aristocrat.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 73.

Key-move 1.Kt-B6, threatening 2.Kt-K4 mate. If KtxQPch; 2.K-Kt4 mate. If Ktx KPch, 2.K-K4 mate. If QxKtch; 2.KxQ mate. If Q-K4ch; 2.QxQ mate. If QxP; 2.RxKt mate. If B-Kt2; 2.KtxP(7) mate.

The change-mates from the black Knight checks come as a surprise. Blocking of the KBP by the key-move is essential to operate them.

PROBLEM NO. 74, by J. Fridlizius.



White mates in three.

Get On the Job!

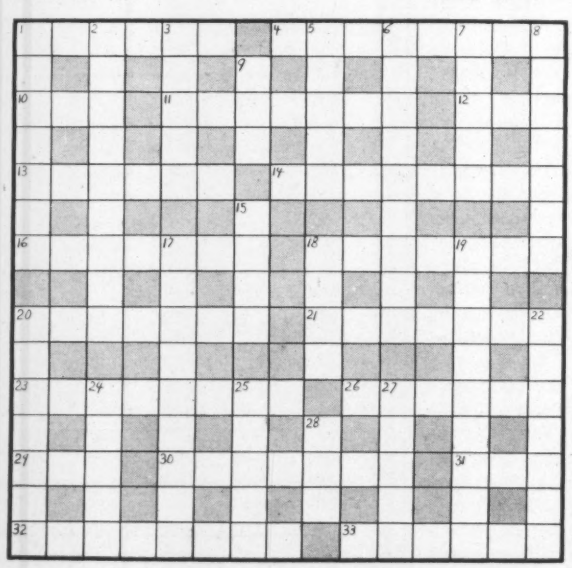
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. General concessions for a Tomb? (6)
4. She often gives the audience a leg up. (8)
10. See 1 down
11. See 23
12. Suitable dwelling, though small. (3)
13. Is "Do it!" not the right way to address them? (6)
14, 23. Good advice to the psychoanalyst? (4,4,8)
16. They don't make spectacles of themselves when drinking. (7)
18. It helps to fill a Cossack full of wine. (7)
20. How the fledgling makes itself snug at home? (7)
21. Nut-producing trees produce an anagram. Now I ask you! (7)
23. 11. Same old grind! (8,2,5)
23, 28. Does he get tired from careering all over the place? (11)
26. Drum for the son of a piper? (3-3)
29. Singularly blind 13? (3)
30. They may count as queer birds! (7)
31. The age of Heraclitus? (3)
32, 23. The martinet's job might be so termed. (8, 8)
33. 150 15. (6)

DOWN

1, 10, 23. Receiving a calling—down, no doubt. (7,3,8)
2. Is "Carmen" a native product of theirs? (9)
3. Characteristic appearance of an R.A. getting the bird. (5)
5. Oh, that I had an hour with thee, nymph! (5)
6. No doubt it took two of them to give birth to an Ibsen play. (4,5)
7. I get mother to go see a butterfly. (5)
8. I'll tear it to pieces! (7)
9. To do this is a costly way of 1 down, 10, 23. (3)
15. Cleo's bosom companions? (4)
17. No wonder a ruptured spleen with a tic makes one peevish. (9)
18. They're enough to make the boss weep. (4)
19. Naval speed? (9)
20, 23. Empty shop? (7,8)
22, 23. When Spooner says "nizbiss" we guess that . . . (2,5,8)
24. That beastly fellow gets your goat! (5)
25. One thinks, of course, in this case. (5)
27. It flies over Seoul. (5)
28. See 23



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 16, 31, 10, 27, 5, 1 down. How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour?
9. Upsweep
10. See 1 across
11. Apiary
13. Transom
15. Tea kettle
17. Hives
20. Bated
22. Essential
24. Senussi
26. See 19
28. Recruit
29. Cholera
31. See 1 across
32. Stealth

DOWN

1. See 1 across
2. Was
3. Operate
4. Happy
5. Shiftless
6. Impeach
7. Irons
8. Gleam
12. Plait
14. Stab
16. See 1 across
18. Voice
19, 26 across. Sale prices
21. Disturb
23. Noisome
24. Scrub
25. Necks
26. Pecks
27. See 1 across
30. Eel

(322)

Sports

You-Know-Where, Sask.

By Jim Coleman

ONE OF THE THINGS which has been a recurrent mild irritant to me in 25 years of itinerant newspapering is the frequency with which I have met persons who have been born or who were educated in the City of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. According to the latest census, Saskatoon has approximately 45,000 inhabitants but I am prepared to vow that, in my travels, I have had casual contact with more than 100,000 persons from that city.

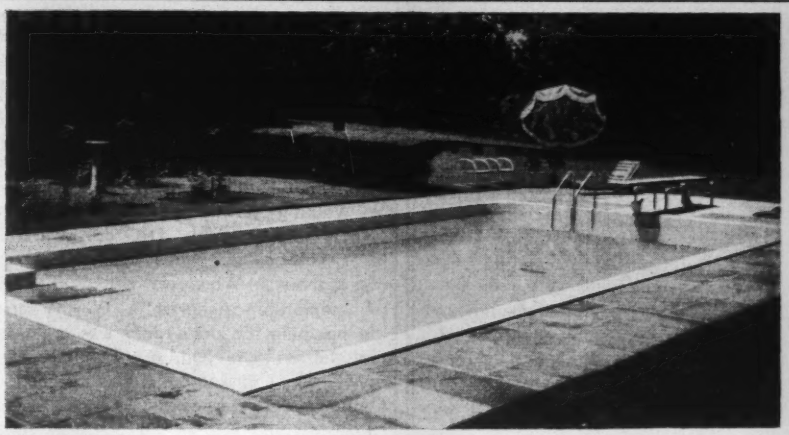
For a start, it is scarcely necessary to mention that my father, a maverick from the frontier town of Carleton Place, Ontario, eventually married a lady who had served her time, presiding over the home of her surgeon-brother in Saskatoon. Although my own birthplace was Winnipeg, it was inevitable that I should win my first wager on a horse-race at the Saskatoon Fair Grounds. I won a $1 horse-for-horse bet from the late Sir Henry Thornton, who was such a genuinely genial public relations man that he would go out of his way to please even a small boy who eventually might become a customer of the railroad that he headed.

It was when, guilelessly, I entered the newspaper business that I became aware of the deplorably large number of persons who had been trained in sports or journalism in that city or who, even briefly, had tarried there as prospective athletic greats.

The editor of my first newspaper was W. L. "Biff" MacTavish, who had come to us from the *Saskatoon Star-Phoenix*. The pro-tem sports editor was Ross Cameron, from the same paper. Our most erudite editorial writer was Randolph Patton, from the Saskatoon training grounds.

For a time, I considered seriously the idea of sharing an apartment with two other neophyte journalists. I fled to the Pacific Coast in horror when I learned that one of them, Cam Mackenzie, came from Saskatoon while the other, Ralph Allen, was a suspected carrier in that he admitted that his most recent home was Oxbow, Sask.

The tranquillity of my next few years on the *Vancouver Province* was destroyed when that paper hired a new agricultural editor. Our first conversation over a short beer revealed that he was from You-Know-Where. A few days later, the ubiquitous "Biff" MacTavish was shifted



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Notice is hereby given that the regular quarterly dividend of Fifteen cents (15c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "A" Shares of the Company, payable October 1st, 1954, to shareholders of record as at the close of business on August 31st, 1954.

Class "B" Dividend No. 28

Notice is also given that the regular quarterly dividend of Fifteen cents (15c) per share has been declared on the outstanding Class "B" Shares of the Company, payable October 1st, 1954, to shareholders of record August 31st, 1954.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD.

L. R. GRAY,
Secretary.

London, Ontario.
June 24th, 1954.

"Certificate of Registry No. C-1500 has been issued authorizing the Union Reinsurance Company of Zurich, Switzerland, to transact in Canada the business of Real Property Insurance in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of fire insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only."

to become editor of the *Province*.

When I arrived in Toronto, I discovered that I was working for Vern DeGeer, probably the most extroverted of all former Saskatonians. In the ensuing six years of rough-and-tumble newspapering, DeGeer and I never went more than 10 miles without running into some person from You-Know-Where.

Walking through the lobby of the Royal York Hotel, DeGeer invariably was able to introduce me to two ex-Saskatonians. When we visited a World Championship fight or a World Series in baseball, the press-room was crammed by yahoos who had, at one time, been residents of Saskatoon. I was assigned to write an interview with Clarence "Beans" Reardon, the best of all National Baseball League umpires, and bitterly tore up my notes when he mentioned his pleasant years in Saskatoon.

I was sent to Los Angeles and, at a cocktail party, was introduced to a lady whose face appeared familiar. Someone whispered that she was a famous former athlete and, when I pressed the subject, she said diffidently: "You wouldn't remember me—my name used to be Ethel Catherwood—they called me the 'Saskatoon Lily'."

Once DeGeer prevailed upon me to accompany him to a hockey game in Toledo, Ohio. Willingly, I accepted because Toledo is fairly far south of the border.

In the second period, a puck was shot over the boards and, ungallantly, DeGeer and I ducked our heads. The puck struck a young woman sitting behind us. We scuffled around for the puck, ashamedly, and presented it to her.

Yup—so help me, she told us that she came from Saskatoon.

I was watching a soccer game in Amsterdam one day in the autumn of 1946. The game was played in the old Olympic Stadium and, close to me in the section where I was standing, I heard an unmistakably North American voice. I took him out to buy him a Bols. He was an Eaton's buyer who had been born in Saskatoon.

Only a couple of winters ago, DeGeer, Ted Reeve and your correspondent were attracted by a late-night fire in Montreal during a Stanley Cup series. It was a bitterly cold night but there was a fair gathering of fire-buffs.

At the height of the conflagration, DeGeer took three steps in front of the crowd, faced them and cried: "Is there anyone here from Saskatoon?"

At least a dozen voices answered him with a resounding "Yes".

At that juncture a gentleman, slightly foxed with the grape, tumbled from the curb and fell into the gutter. As he was being helped to his feet, he lifted one hand and mumbled, "Me, too".

It remained for Thomas "Scotty" Melville, the sports editor of the *Regina Leader-Post*, to send me into the hills, screaming.

Last autumn, very late at night, Melville was telling me of his experiences in a German prison camp. Scotty was an officer in a Western Canada outfit which stormed Dieppe and he became a prisoner of war. After a long shuffle, they got him off to a compound in Bavaria.

There was a very solemn-looking guard at the gate but, as he saw Scotty's Western Canada flashes on his uniform, he edged towards our man in a secretive manner.

As Scotty went through the gate, this Bavarian guard asked him: "Hey, pal—whatever became of Eddie Shore?"

The only thing that saves the story, as far as I'm concerned is the fact that the Bavarian didn't come from Saskatoon—he came from Sutherland, Sask.

Sutherland is clear across the Saskatchewan River and a full mile from Saskatoon.

High Voltage

ALUMINUM CABLE from Canada was used in a Peruvian high-voltage power line, installed at altitudes of from 13,000 to 15,000 feet—the world's highest. Canada supplied not only the cable but also the technical assistance required on this record job. We imagine that aluminum's light weight was particularly appreciated by the llamas or whatever other beasts of burden were used to get the cable to the top.

In the rugged mountain country of British Columbia where Alcan's own huge Kitimat development is going on, the aluminum transmission lines used represent another record: they are the largest-diameter overhead power lines in the world. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

Business

Freedom in Pricing Policy Aid to Whole Economy

By W. E. WILLIAMS

PROPER PRICING is a valuable and important tool of business and one that must not be used in routine fashion if its full value is to be realized. Feeling as I do about pricing, a protest must be registered against the present stated policy of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

The CMA in November, 1952 advocated the restoration of resale price maintenance in Canada, and this was stated in the Association's circular of March 30, 1954. Later, however, in preparing the Association's submission to the Restrictive Trade Practices Commission, the Legislation Committee decided not to ask for the restoration of resale price maintenance, but asked instead that the manufacturer be given the right to deny his goods to anyone who used his goods as loss-leaders.

This, I maintain, is begging the issue because there is no specific definition of what constitutes a loss-leader, and the right to deprive an outlet of goods accomplishes the same result without so saying.

I believe the oldest fallacy in retail merchandising, or any other business for that matter, is that if your average gross sales cost is 20 per cent, you make a profit on everything that you sell over 20 per cent and lose money on everything you sell under 20 per cent.

Nothing could be more incorrect. To use a simple illustration, take the grocery business and assume that the total selling expense in a large store is 12 per cent. This grocer may think he is making a profit on caviar with a 40 per cent markup and one turnover a year, and may think he is really suffering because he is selling flour or sugar or cigarettes at an 8 per cent markup, but turning these products perhaps once a week. Actually, he could not stay in business without the latter and would inevitably go out of business with the caviar-type of operation because you don't make a "per cent" in any business—you make *dollars* and *cents*. The whole North American economy is geared to mass selling at low margins of profit based on this truth.

Therefore, despite the fact that I am a member of the CMA, I strongly disagree with the Association's position. Actually, if you take a dealer's actual cost of an item as "cost" and define loss-leader as selling below "cost", there has been little or no loss-leader selling in Canada. There has been lots of conversation about it but, percentage-wise, it has been infinitesimal.

There has been price cutting below normal levels, but I think this is a healthy factor and a symptom of normalcy.

A recent newspaper ad gave the record of one Toronto automobile dealer. In five months of 1949 this dealer sold 200 units, during a period when cars were in great post-war demand. As a result of an aggressive sales attitude, he increased his sales year by year until finally, in the five months of 1954 just finished and during a period when the automotive business was about as competitive as it could be, he sold 1,162 cars—an increase of over 480 per cent.

Gordon Rice

THE CONSUMER is willing to pay a little more for a known, advertised brand.

This means a higher volume and probably a lower unit profit, but I would wager that the dealer made more total dollars from the sales operation alone, without even considering the tremendous benefit that accrued to his service department. Thus, the manufacturer, the dealer, *and* the consumer are all better off.

The so-called "Discount House" of today, which sells electrical appliances at cut prices, is simply the grocery supermarket of 25 years ago. Then, as now, a great furor arose. The same impassioned pleas were made for the "little man" who was being forced to the wall. Yet supermarkets, both chain and independent, persisted and grew mightily with the result that foodstuffs move to the Canadian and U.S. consumer at the lowest markup in the world. The "little man" everyone was so worried about, if intelligent and aggressive, saw what was happening, got in the act and is now a "big rich man".

Good pricing demands low profit per unit in all but a few specialty fields. It demands high volume sales, and it demands that you do whatever you must do in order to keep your products selling in volume to the consumer. Please believe me that I am all for making a profit, and the only way my company has stayed in business for 118 years is by constantly making a profit. I do say, however, that a profit can be made in other ways than a stereotyped "what-does-it-cost? Mark-it-up 20 per cent, 30 per cent or what-not, and then sell what you can of it at that level".

Pricing can be a skilful sales tool, and proper pricing is good for the economy, good for the consumer, and in the long run is good for the intelligent, forceful manufacturer. Competitive pricing means a tight functioning, low cost organization; not low-paid, mind you, but low cost because of overall efficiency.

Incidentally, advertising helps to protect against destructive price cutting as viewed from the manufacturer's viewpoint. A manufacturer does not have to go out and sharply cut prices because an unknown, un-advertised brand is cutting prices—witness a nationally advertised brand of aspirin at 79c per 100 versus unbranded aspirin at 29c per 100. An un-advertised brand in a mass market has no consumer standing, and the consumer is almost always willing to pay a little more for a known advertised brand than she is for an unknown, un-advertised brand. The reason is simple—she doesn't know the value of the un-advertised brand and therefore doesn't know whether she is getting a good buy or not.

Certainly, with truly competitive pricing, someone will get hurt, but cartel-type thinking inevitably leads to an umbrella over inefficiency. If the weak mem-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

PERIODICAL VALUATION and ANALYSIS

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Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Canadian Atlantic Oil

WOULD YOU *please give your comments on Canadian Atlantic Oil. I purchased shares in this company at nearly $6.00 on the recommendation of a broker here on his belief that the Westcoast Gas line would be approved. Now the price of my stock has fallen to $3.50 and I am terribly worried about my money.—C. G. R., Vancouver.*

The refusal by the Federal Power Commission of the application of the Westcoast Gas Transmission line to serve the Pacific Northwest States seems to have written finis to the hopes of this project for some time to come.

The decision (the timing of which came as a surprise to this observer), while narrowly nationalistic, seemed to have an element of retaliation against the policy enunciated by various Government authorities in Canada.

The recent low of $3.40 has brought the price of the stock close to the 1953 low of $2.85. This price is just above the net worth of the company as expressed by the oil reserves of 6,828,000 barrels and the working capital of $1,738,840 divided by the 2,931,671 shares outstanding, or $2.90 per share.

It hardly seems worthwhile selling out here, in view of your loss, at a price that seems close to bottom on worth. You might as well hold on and hope it out at this late date.

Astral Mining

I HAVE SOME *shares of Astral Mining & Resources Limited. What do you think of its prospects? I paid 65 cents per share for them.—M. C. S., Kincardine, Ont.*

Like a good many other small mining companies, Astral appears to be in a state of suspension. While a number of properties are held, ranging from a sodium sulphate deposit in Saskatchewan, uranium claims in the Beaverlodge area and base metal claims in the Bathurst area, the last news of any activity appeared last September.

Options are reported outstanding on 1,600,000 shares, at prices ranging from 30 cents to $1.00, but the present market quotation of 20-30 cents indicates little effort is being made to secure additional capital by marketing these shares. Considering the depressed state of the speculative markets, as evidenced by the fact that more shares are being traded in New York than in Toronto nearly every day, it seems unlikely that much activity can be generated.

Your decision as to what to do with the stock must be based upon whether it is better to accept a loss of more than 60 per cent of your capital or gamble the lot in the hope of a recovery.

Eastern Metals

I HOLD *a considerable amount of Eastern Metals at a price that is unfortunately well above the present market quotation of 80 cents. You have often referred to the chart position of stocks in your comments. Would you please tell me what the chart position of this stock looks like and also what are the prospects of the company?—J. J., Fredericton, NB.*

The prospects of the company are perhaps best reflected in the market action of the stock. Since the beginning of May, the price has rallied from 75 cents to $1.05 and dropped back to 78 cents at the time of writing. This action confirms our April 10 estimate that offerings would be heavy near the $1.00 mark and it now appears that the recent low of 75 cents is coming under test again.

By the long, wavering descent the stock has traced across the chart since the almost forgotten high of 2.45 was made, it appears that a break through the recent support level of 70-75 would carry the price back to the low of 30 cents.

Grim as this picture may seem, it appears more probable than a recovery in the price beyond the demonstrably difficult $1.00 level. What speculation there is apparent in the mining market seems to be directed more towards the uranium issues than anything else at the moment. Thus, until some speculative enthusiasm is revived in other mining fields, only the most spectacular news will receive any attention.

Silver Miller

WHAT IS *your opinion of Silver Miller Mines as a buy for near term capital gains? How about the ore reserves for this property?—B. E. H., Pembroke, Ont.*

According to the latest reports, Silver Miller is turning out per day about 100 tons of cobalt ore, grading 1 per cent, from the Lawson Mine, about 60,000 ounces of silver per month from the Brady Mine, and the LaRose Mine is handling 225 tons of cobalt ore per day.

Until the annual report appears to give a clear picture of how operations have progressed, it is difficult to estimate how profitable the year's efforts have been. In March it was stated that the over-all output was running about $130,000 per month with operating costs estimated at $85,000 per month; working capital had been built up to the $200,000 level.

Ore estimates in this old camp have always been difficult due to the erratic nature of the vein structures. Some 700,000 ounces of silver in reserve ore are understood to exist in the Brady Mine, but cobalt ore reserves will not be known until the ore position is disclosed in the annual report due sometime in August.

The pattern the price of the stock has traced across the chart is perhaps the best indication of what can be expected at this time with all of the news rather stale. Since the low of 81 cents was marked last January, the price advanced to $1.20 in April and to the same point in May, only to recede again into a narrow range near 1.10 for most of June. It is quoted as closing at 1.08 on June 17.

Unless some extremely favorable news appears, the one main factor in sight to give the stock a lift will be the distribution of the 100,000 shares due to be taken up by July 10 at $1.00. Until a breakthrough of the $1.20 supply level, which has stood since last August, occurs, the chance of an important advance seems slight.

Western Tungsten

I WOULD *like some information on some shares of Western Tungsten Copper Mines that I have held for a considerable length of time. The top price I paid for these was $4.00 and I averaged it down later on. I would like your opinion as to its present value.—M. S., Montreal.*

Western Tungsten operates the Red Rose tungsten mine, near Hazelton, B.C. under lease from Consolidated Mining and Smelting Company. This lease extends to March 15, 1956. Under its terms, Consolidated Mining & Smelting receives 15 per cent of the net recovery. In addition, the company holds 51 claims adjoining the Rocher de Boule mine, on which operations were suspended late in 1952.

The company has experienced many difficulties in the operation of the property, ranging from fires that have disrupted production, to the rejection of shipments of concentrates, due to impurities, by the General Services Administration. Western Tungsten holds a contract with the Administration, which is the principal purchasing agent for the U.S. Government stockpiling programs, but the price being paid is not known.

In the scramble for materials that followed Korea, the U.S. Government contracted to buy domestic production at a guaranteed price of $63 per short ton unit

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of 20 pounds. Since the end of the Korean war, world prices for tungsten have declined sharply and tungsten is quoted at $22.40 per unit of 22.4 pounds, European markets.

It is evident that tungsten is anything but in short supply. The U.S. stockpile authorities are not anxious to take any more than they have to and the British Government is reputedly not in the market either.

From the reports on hand from the company, it is evident that earnings have followed an erratic course. The last one stated that, for February, a net profit of $55,000 had been made. But it is impossible to estimate whether the company will show a profit or a loss from the year's operations. The market price of the stock, which has moved between 36 and 95 cents since the beginning of the year, and at the time of writing is shown at 75 cents, is apparently assessing the prospect of the company none too hopefully.

The prospects of a recovery above the $4.00 level seem remote. With no one scrambling for tungsten, the necessary speculative interest and drive for an advance are absent from the picture.

In Brief

OU NO I HAVE BEEN *receiving literature from Montreal recommending the purchase of Opemisca Explorers at 48 cents. What is your opinion of this stock?*—J. B., Toronto.

Just another promotion.

WOULD YOU *advise the purchase of South Batchelor Mining Co.?*—R. M., Montreal.

No.

DO YOU *consider Consumer's Gas a good purchase for investment at the present time?*—D. S. W., Toronto.

Not at this price and yield.

COULD YOU *give me any information on Tazin Mines?*—L. L. J., Calgary.

Apparently inactive since the options were dropped.

COULD YOU *give me your opinion as to the potential and outlook of Bonville Gold Mines? Do you think it is underrated at its present market of 14 cents?*—B. B., Sarnia, Ont.

The price tells the story.

WHAT IS *your opinion of New Richfield Pete, bought at 30 cents?*—J. R. B., Oakville, Ont.

Same as the market: low.

WOULD YOU *please advise me regarding Bell Telephone stock. Do you think it is a good buy for a long hold?—S. R. P., Renfrew, Ont.*

Not at the present price and yield.

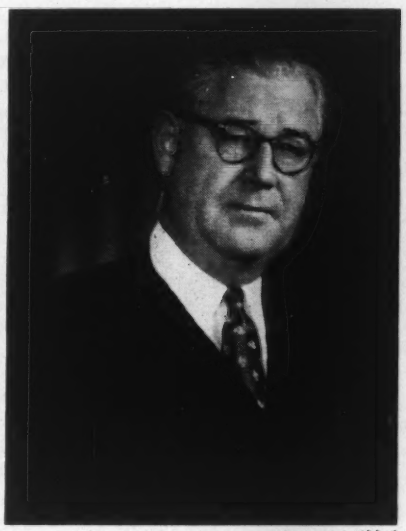
Who's Who in Business

A Personal Responsibility

By J. W. Bacque

IN THE PRACTICE of law is a tradition as well as a business in the family of J. Maitland Macintosh, QC, 54, senior active partner in the Toronto firm of Macdonald and Macintosh. Not only is his son learning the firm's business, but Mr. Macintosh's father, John A., is still practising at the age of ninety. Mr. Macintosh never considered any other career but law: "I have followed in my father's footsteps," he comments, "and our association has been long and pleasant."

That association began in 1923 when Mr. Macintosh joined the firm as a junior partner. "Our business was largely commercial law," he says. "I didn't like the uncertainties of court work." Those uncertainties tripped Mr. Macintosh once, during an accident suit brought by a woman who had fallen on a walk in front of a public library. Mr. Macintosh's case for the defence rested on the position of a street line, which he had had independently surveyed. When he brought the surveyor's report into court, it was demonstrated that, in fact, there never had been a street plan for the block, and Mr. Macintosh lost the disputed point. "That was one of the reasons I didn't like law suits," he says, "and I chose corporate law as my particular field."



Ashley & Crippen

J. MAITLAND MACINTOSH

The choice was a good one: through what he calls "a gradual development in the business of personal contacts," he has acquired an impressive range of offices in business and non-profit organizations. He is a top executive or director in the General Accident Assurance Company of Canada, The Chartered Trust Company, MacLeod Cockshutt Gold Mines Limited and the Ontario Jockey Club. In addition, he has worked with the Children's Aid Society, helping amalgamate the Society with the Infants' Homes group. He has a proprietary attitude towards the Upper Canada College Foundation, which he helped to set up. "That was my baby," he says, in his bluff, stern way. "I found it very interesting."

Although the pomp and formality of the higher judicial offices have never attracted him, he has a strong admiration for law purely as mental training. "I know of several chaps who graduated, but never practised, who have big executive positions or are high up in the government," he says.

Mr. Macintosh feels that his profession, more than any other, makes heavy demands on personal responsibility. "You have to protect yourself," he points out. "We know in our business that your earning power is limited to your personal ability to work. But, if you do the work, your clients stay with you, and recommend you to others. That puts pressure on you, but I find that men work better when they are under pressure." His favorite place for relaxing from legal pressure is his farm near Aurora, where he keeps a couple of brood mares, "in hopes of a useful race horse later on".

Although he maintains a fast working pace himself, he recalls with respect the furious speed with which his old associate, the late George McCullagh, used to carry on his affairs. "When negotiations were under way for merging the *Globe* with the *Mail and Empire*," Mr. Macintosh recalls, "he insisted that we finish the legal arrangements within a few days, so that publishing could begin. Any other man would have taken several weeks, but the *Globe and Mail* was on the street three days after the agreements were first made."

He likes the relative intimacy of the small office, and he says: "We don't have mass hiring and firing the way manufacturers do. In a business of this kind, you're working intimately with all members of the firm. Our association is closely knit, and it pleases me to think that the whole firm is with me."

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share on the Series "A" 4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares and a dividend of fifty-six and one quarter cents (56¼c) on the Series "B" 4½% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending September 30, 1954, payable October 2, 1954 to shareholders of record September 2, 1954.

By Order of the Board.
R. R. MERIFIELD,
Secretary.
Montreal, June 28, 1954.

THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

Dividend Number 188

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents (30c) per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company for the quarter ending June 30, payable August 25 to shareholders of record July 15.

By Order of the Board,
R. R. MERIFIELD,
Secretary.
Montreal, June 28, 1954.

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Pricing Policy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

ber who may not deserve to live is given his required profit, then the efficient members are making far more than they need for corporate health, and retail price maintenance leads to this type of operation. I am not talking about a dog-eat-dog type of selling, but simple business efficiency designed to make a healthy industry and a healthy economy and bring to the consumer the greatest possible value.

A most important part of selling is to maintain a competitive attitude. In 1946 there was no synthetic detergent manufactured in Canada. However, because synthetics did offer a definite advantage, a synthetic plant was established and we started selling the first Canadian synthetic detergent in 1946.

Once we started, others had to follow. Thus, because of this kind of competitive thinking, not only in the synthetic field but in the edible field, some $35 to $40 millions have been spent in Canada by soap and shortening manufacturers during the post-war years. Today, synthetics control 66 per cent of the total package market in Canada.

Actually those who plead for the return of resale price maintenance as a means of protecting the small merchant are doing him the greatest possible disservice because they take from him the competitive weapon of price. Denied this weapon, he cannot help but have a tougher time attracting customers and doing business. My personal belief is that much of the shouting for retail price maintenance comes from those who enjoy the *status quo* and the feeling of security that goes with a regimented economy.

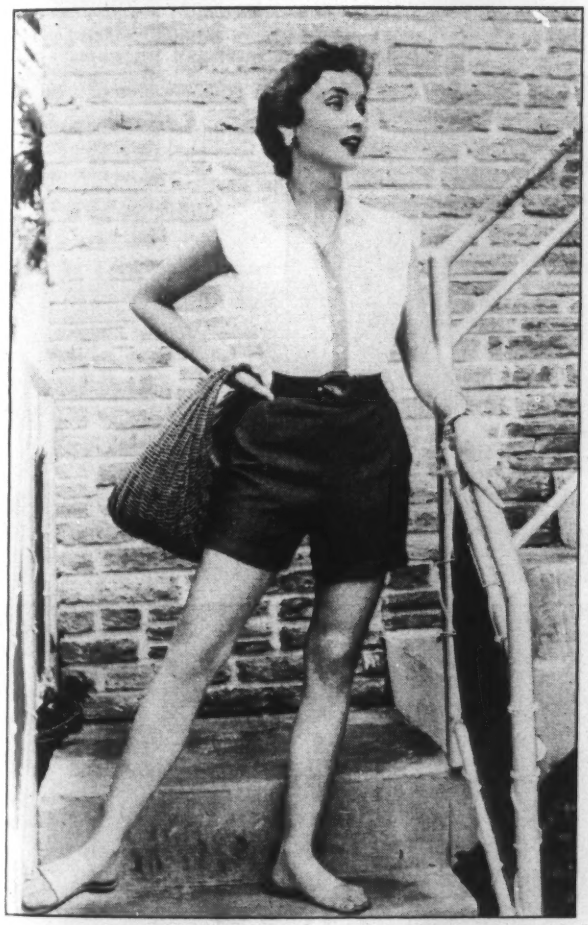
This is perhaps the worst fault of the whole plan because, if history teaches us any lesson, it is that there is no security as such save for brief and transient periods. Businesses, like countries, stay solvent by a continuing awareness of danger and by fighting to maintain and improve their position.

Man needs to push himself beyond a routine day by day mechanical existence. Nietzsche, when he said that most human progress comes during periods of war, was saying the same thing. During a war, prodigies are accomplished because it is either that or else lose the fight.

Business must have the same spirit of competitive fight and drive if we are to continue to give to the consumers of the world better and better products at lower prices. Cartels, "arrangements", maintained prices, managed economies and the like give an illusion of security, but at a fearful cost of diminished initiative and drive, plus a lack of the experimentation and effort that make for progress.

(Mr. Williams is President of The Procter & Gamble Co. of Canada, Ltd.)

women



CASUAL LIFE: *the sleeveless blouse achieves new interest in this white broadcloth shirt, with striped cording of blue, red, charcoal or grey; from the summer collection of Ship'n Shore, about $4.98. In Montreal, this New York shirtmaker is exclusive with Eaton's.*

Conversation Pieces:

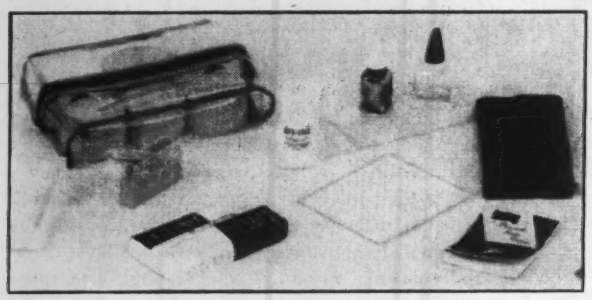
HAILEYBURY, normally a peaceful garden-loving town, recently broke out in a mild civil war. The trouble began when W. J. Lecky was summoned for allowing his boxer, Spud, to run at large. Mrs. Lecky was so indignant at this that she issued similar charges against five prominent Haileybury citizens, including ex-Mayor Miller whose dog (unleashed) had entered her garden and growled at Spud, who was legally tied up. From this point on the trouble spread like a chain-letter, with summonses evoking charges and charges drawing summonses. In the end, all charges were dismissed and the town settled down to the normal state of irritable neutrality that exists between garden-lovers and dog-lovers. (What's the good of a garden if you can't have a dog? What's the good of a dog if you can't have a garden?)

Garden item: a householder was recently approached by a pedlar who offered at bargain prices a wagon-load of rich-looking black loam. "Wonderful stuff" said the salesman. "Grow anything." "Lots of lampblack in it?" the householder inquired. "Oh, sure," the salesman said. "Plenty of lampblack. Wonderful stuff. Grow anything."

While we are on the subject of dogs, a fascinating topic, there is the report from Vancouver that Postmaster James Turner has come out firmly on the side of the postmen. It seems that 40 Vancouver postmen were bitten by dogs last year. Among the biters were dogs of specially deep prejudice and high IQ who had learned to wait in the vestibule till the postman's hand appeared in the letter-slot. Then they took a bite out of it. This demoralized the service to such an extent that the postmaster issued his order: from now on owners of postmen-hating dogs will have to collect their mail from General Delivery. Meanwhile, ordinary delivery men who are unprotected by the civil service will just have to carry big sticks and walk softly.

Western houseowners are being warned to beware of high-pressure repair salesmen who turn up in the evening, offering to do over the roofs at cut-rate prices. It is quite possible that these Samaritans are interested chiefly in placing orders at a time when the Better Business Bureau is closed for the day. Better wait till morning before signing up. The roof will keep that long.

The picnic season is at its height, and so is the annual campaign to control picnickers. Some groups feel that the education should be compulsory, with penalties for holiday-makers who leave a litter of cigarette cartons, torn wrappers and sandwich crusts behind them. The difficulty, of course, lies in catching up with the litterer, who is usually up and away long before the vigilantes arrive. The "Beautify America" campaigners now suggest that every picnic party carry a litter-bag in which to store the detritus. This, they point out, could then be left for disposal with the nearest garage attendant, traditionally the willing horse of our civilization. This seems to us to be asking a little too much of the station attendant. Are gasoline operators expected to come with a guarantee from *Good Housekeeping*, in addition to their many other qualifications? Our guess is that this willing but overworked public servant would end by stowing our litter-bags in the Ladies' Rest Room, and serve us right.



MINIMUM *personal grooming items necessary for travelling: plastic soap dish (extreme left), "Travel Pack" of plastic jars with powder, cream, cologne; collapsible tooth brush pack, with section for tooth paste (in front of the cosmetic pack); pocket size tissues; deodorant stick, nail polish and remover (standing on a pliofilm bag); paper wash cloth, perforated for quick drying; soap leaves (foreground right); nail care kit. In the photograph at the right are plastic travelling clothesline (left rear); plastic cigarette box with enough soap flakes for a week-end trip; plastic clothes pins; plastic case and plastic clothes brush, comb and hair brush; Scotch tape; a bottle of spot remover; case and travelling hangers. Not shown here, but equally necessary, are plastic shower cap, sewing kit, plastic four-armed rack with suction cup, for drying hosiery.*

Travelling by Car?

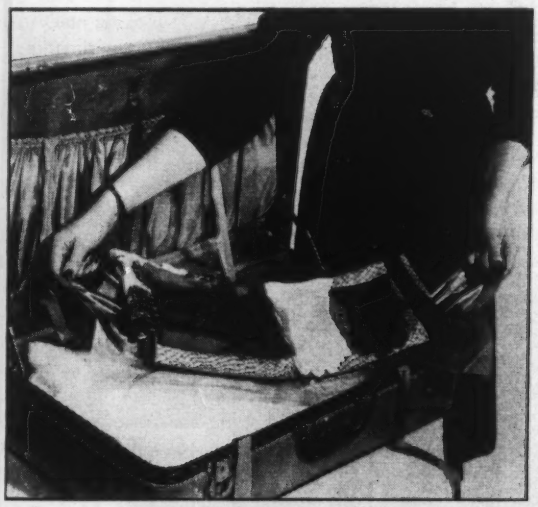
THE TENDENCY on a car trip is to take too much luggage. Actually, you can travel as light as by air, to your own advantage. A pared-down wardrobe, in one large (26") suitcase and an overnight case, saves clothes-sorting and extra bag handling on the trip.

Select a dirt-defying neutral shade for your basic wardrobe color, plus one bright and one dark color. Include a suit, mix-match sportswear, a cocktail skirt, blouses or three triangular scarves that can be combined to make sleeveless blouses or halters, and a bolero. Every item in your wardrobe should combine successfully with some other part.

Packing is an art. A practical suggestion comes from Carol Lane, Women's Travel Director for Shell Oil Company of Canada: buy enough opaque plastic (sold by the yard in department stores) for seven pieces. Cut these to fit your suitcase. Sew tabs on them and use them as dividers so that each layer can be removed without disturbing the items.

Miss Lane suggests packing at the bottom a small collapsible ironing board, a travel iron, cosmetic and laundry kit and your extra pair of shoes. Then she suggests packing, in this order and separated by the plastic "dividers": lingerie; sports clothes; travel hat (pattern available if you write us) and blouses; cocktail costume, hosiery stuffed in gloves, flat purse that, with jewelled clip, becomes an evening bag; bolero. Night clothes are packed on top or in overnight case.

In the glove compartment, Miss Lane suggests you store facial tissue, flashlight, whisk broom, sun glasses, jar of astringent pads, sunburn lotion.



PLASTIC *"dividers" between groups of clothing are handy for the packing and unpacking occasioned by the stop-overs of a motor trip.*

Photos: Paul Rockett

CAROL LANE, *Shell Oil's Travel Director, demonstrates a seat cushion designed to allow air to circulate under and behind the driver, for warm weather comfort. It is made of woven plastic strands, with built-in springs. Miss Lane is clipping on a Visor Kit, that contains notebook, pencil, mirror, comb, a section for sunglasses and cigarettes, as well as space for road maps.*

Photos: R. Vickers of Gilbert A. Milne studios

THE ELIZABETH ARDEN SALON, *Toronto, gives special classes for the blind at the Canadian Institute for the Blind. Here cosmetician Mrs. Helen Brown is explaining facial cleansing to Arlene Juckes, a blind dictaphone operator. Miss Juckes has wrung out a pad of absorbent cotton in cold water and dipped it in skin lotion and cleansing cream and she is patting it over her chin and neckline.*

Special Cosmetic Classes

NOW *Arlene Juckes learns how to apply a powder base, using the fingers of both hands to distribute the base evenly. Afterwards she runs sensitive fingers over the skin to be certain no part has been missed.*

APPLYING *rouge is difficult. Using the middle three fingers as a guide and following the structure of the cheekbone, Miss Juckes applies three dots, which are then blended together lightly.*

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Letters

A National Hero

THE SUGGESTION of Morris Bishop that Canada should have a national hero is a good one, but his selection of Champlain is unfortunate. At least a dozen explorers did equally as much as Champlain in the opening up and settlement of the country . . A worthier nomination, I believe, would be a man like Macdonald or Laurier, whose work meant so much to the development of the nation that is Canada . . .

Winnipeg. JEAN WILLOUGHBY.

THERE ARE worthier heroes than Champlain . . . Why should we always turn to adventurers, politicians and soldiers for our heroes? Why not to science and the arts? . . . My nomination for the honor would be a man, a Canadian, who contributed to the good of all people, Canadian or otherwise—such as Banting . . .

Halifax. T. D. FRAZER.

MR. BISHOP'S thoughts about a national hero for Canada and his selection of Champlain for that honor are both excellent. Champlain has all the necessary qualifications for recognition . . .

Quebec City. FRANK JOHNSON.

Maritime Theme

PREMIER Hugh John Flemming the other day told us that he believed the New Brunswick tourist industry capable of great expansion, and to prove it showed that the tourist department already this year has multiplied by four times the number of enquiries from potential visitors.

This is a very comforting thing, especially to the people who want a piece of this industry, but the recent Champlain-DeMonts Commemoration turned up phenomena which indicate that interesting tourists in New Brunswick may very well mean further interesting and informing New Brunswickers about the place.

For instance, during the Champlain clambake, what do you think was served? Did the restauranting Canadian Legion serve sweet native fried clams, harbor salmon, lobster, fish sticks, or even fish and chips? No. The Canadian Legion held a mammoth chicken barbecue.

And when the Fire Fighters Local 771 decided to put on a show during three days of Champlain week, do you think they got together with the yacht clubs and organized a big regatta in keeping with the maritime theme? Not at all. The Fire Fighters imported the Texas Rangers Rodeo.

Saint John, N.B. MURRAY BARNARD

Refugees

Possibly the enclosed extract from a letter sent recently from Hong Kong might interest you:

"A few refugees continue to come here from China and amongst them a woman and her family who are cousins of our son-in-law, Mr. Ma. This woman's husband is in Canada and the Communists were sure she had quantities of money hidden away, so they had her up several times, questioning and beating her. Then one evening she did not come back. Her daughter, a girl in her teens, became very anxious. She knew their habit of burying people alive, so she ran all over the hills calling her mother. It was moonlight, and after some time she saw something she recognized. It was her mother's head sticking out of the ground. She was beyond speech, but the girl clawed away at the earth with her hands and then ran and got her grandmother. The two of them managed to get her out and carry her home. After pouring stuff down her throat, she came to. The Communists did not ill-treat her for the next two years, but she had to pay an enormous price to get out. However, she and all her family are here now, and she hopes to join her husband in Canada . . ."

Toronto M. J. LEWIS

Of Many Things

THERE HAVE been recent complaints about the amount of litter scattered about Canadian cities. The same accusation could be made against cities in all English-speaking countries. Litter seems to be a weakness of the Anglo-Saxon . . . I recall that in Switzerland, at the entrances to parks, there are notice-boards showing the local by-laws and these are printed in four languages. But the by-law forbidding litter is printed in English only . . .

Montreal. EMILE BEAUJARDIN.

I HAVE just returned to this city after several weeks of travelling—by car—in Ontario and Quebec. I admire almost everything about your country except its drivers . . . I have never seen such execrable handling of motor vehicles anywhere as in Southern Ontario. The same people who are courteous, kind and considerate when met socially seem to become possessed of devils when they step into their automobiles. You have good, well-marked roads, but the drivers on them lack skill, courtesy and good sense . . .

Albany, N.Y. EMMETT BRAMLEY.

RECENTLY I saw a suggestion that cigarettes should be made square instead of round. This is an excellent idea. Square cigarettes would make a better fit in packages and cases and would be far less likely to roll off tables, ashtrays and so on and cause fires. Besides, they would fit the lips better. A few round cigarettes could still be made for trumpet players, glass blowers and women addicted to baby-talk . . .

Ottawa. STANLEY WOODFIELD.

WHY SHOULD dialogue in films and TV presentations have a constant background of music? On the stage, action and speech are considered adequate, without a constant accompaniment of noise from an orchestra in the pit . . . The reliance of film and TV producers on background music is an indication that they believe their writers and actors not sufficiently talented to hold audience attention.

Kitchener, Ont. A. B. KEMPENFELT.

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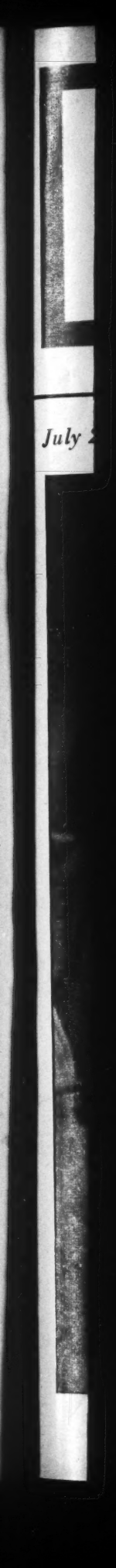
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